

THE
NASSAU
LITERARY
MAGAZINE

VOLUME LVII — NUMBER 6

JANUARY

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1842

CONDUCTED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF

Princeton University

1901

The Nassau Literary Magazine

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THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published on the 15th day of each month from October to June inclusive, by the Senior Class of Princeton University. Its aim is to provide the proper outlet for the literary efforts of the undergraduates, and thus to encourage the full, symmetrical development of the student body in Belles-Lettres.

For this purpose contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all students. They are due on the first of each month and must be accompanied by the full name of the author. If rejected, they will be returned, with a careful criticism.

The Terms of Subscription are \$2.50 per year (payable in advance): single copies on sale at Rowland's and Drake's, 30 cents. Subscribers who do not receive a current issue before the 20th of the month, will please notify the Business Manager.

All contributions should be left at 1 North Reunion Hall, and all business communications should be addressed to

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Princeton, New Jersey.

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THE
Nassau Literary Magazine

VOL. LVII,

JANUARY 1902

No. 6

THE SPHINX OF THE OLYMPICS

Over the foot-hills of the Olympics and the Straits of Juan de Fuca broods the Sphinx, silent and everlasting. Summer and winter the stolid face, blown bare of snow, looks toward the Pacific, never heeding the changes in the valleys beneath, though one by one the white rivers flowing north or south from its base grow cold and stand still, and one by one break the ice barriers and go shouting through the echoing cañons.

Looking northward from the head of Puget Sound we see the bold outline of the face, clean cut against the Canadian sky. But a view from the surrounding foot-hills dispels the illusion of the face and shows in its stead three crags of rough basalt rising one above the other. The gaps between are choked with bluish-green glaciers that twist down the mountain side till they reach the terminal moraines.

It is the boast of the mountaineers in that region that the crags of the Sphinx have never been climbed. In the presence of the curious stranger he becomes reticent, and volunteers only such information as will serve to deepen the mystery that hangs about the old mountain.

"Yes, a pretty good sized hill. How far away? fifteen mile in a bee-line, maybe. Trail? no, hardly. Follow up

the right bank of the river till you strike the first white water coming in from the north. That means a glacier at the top. Follow the white creek straight up the mountain for two miles till you come to a water-fall tumbling a clean three hundred feet; then you'll be ready to come home."

At five o'clock in the morning we started up the river, three of us, with provisions for ten days in our blankets. Traveling up the sandy bottom, breaking through patches of salmon-berry bushes, scrambling over windfalls acres in extent, and occasionally making use of an elk-trail which appeared and disappeared at intervals, we reached the Dosewallips cañon at dark.

The white tributary ran into the river a quarter of a mile above our camp, and presented to us such an impenetrable barricade of wind-falls and log-jams that we decided to leave the right-of-way to the brook and to make our ascent by an easier road.

The morning following, we climbed the hog-back to the east of the brook and followed along its ridge. Straight up we went until toward evening we came out above timber-line. The summer sun, which sets nearly north in this region, was just passing the three sharp crags of the Sphinx. A thousand feet below us the brook wound away, a tiny thread of white strung through the valley. We followed it up with our eyes to the foot of a precipice ahead, and there from the brow of the cliff waved a snow white ribbon of water, three hundred feet long. We could take it all in at a glance, the valley, the cliff, and above the cliff a round deep lake tucked away between the two glaciers of the Sphinx.

We looked about for a way to the lake. The hog-back ran up to the foot of a precipice; the descent to the lake was sheer rock. A thousand feet below us lay the wooded valley with its thread of water. If we could reach this, we should have at least a comfortable camp. But here too the

rocks fell straight away. We were above timber-line and above the possibility of a spring. We should have to go down for wood and water. Down we went, in the hope of finding a rock-slide or a soft snow-field on which to make a descent. Zizzagging downward and northward we soon found a grove of firs and a dirty little patch of snow hid away in its shadow. This was all, but it afforded the necessities for a camp.

In spite of the threatening wall of cliffs ahead, our determination to reach the Sphinx was still strong. At daylight we proceeded northward and downward till we reached the foot of the northern cliff, at the basin of the fall. Here the basalt stood smooth and perpendicular for a full two hundred feet, then made a dip and towered straight up for a hundred more. It was as the mountaineer had said; we were ready to go home.

But before deciding to retrace our steps, we followed the base of the cliff eastward for a short distance. The ground was well trodden; apparently here was an elk-trail leading somewhere. As we advanced, the trail inclined upward more and more. When we reached the angle made by the northern and the eastern cliffs, the trail stopped abruptly, but doubling back along the rocks ran a narrow ledge. This was the elk-road to the lake. By an ascent less steep than dangerous it brought us to the dip, two hundred feet above the basin of the fall. The way was easy now; the dip wound steadily upward and out at the top of the upper cliff.

The lake lay at the foot of a bunchgrass meadow sloping easily toward the north. Lime sediment which covered its bottom gave it a milky color hardly to be distinguished from the whiteness of the snow fields which ran down to its very edge. On the near shore were scattered groves of stunted pine. Flowers of every color dotted the quiet green of the bunchgrass and even sprang up through the snow.

The old Sphinx lifted its forehead still a thousand feet above the lake. At the foot of the crag which forms the nose of the Sphinx, the snow field forked and was packed by the narrowing ravine into blue, glacial ice. Between the nose and the forehead we followed the twisting line of ice. Step by step we cut a stairway up the glassy slope and gained the summit of the divide.

Northward we looked across the Straits to the blue line of Canadian hills a hundred miles beyond; southward to the white Cascades and Mount Tacoma looming fifteen thousand feet above the Sound. To the east and to the west was nothing but the sheer, black rock, the Sphinx, sullen and silent.

—*Edward Harshberger Butler.*

RECOLLECTION

A crying stillness over all the land
That hurts, and fills the heart with sullen fear;
A white confusion, piled with bare stark trees,
That droop with sorrow for the dying year.

And over all, a leaden sky of dread;
A sun of ghastly yellow fringed with grey.
Oh, heights of anguish, and the depths of pain
That o'er the mast stand upon a winter's day.

—*Charles Wadsworth Camp.*

ROSEMARY AND RUE

The winds that were whistling through the elms on the campus promised the wildest night of the dying year. The blinding fall of snow made a white New Year's day a certainty. Had not the light from two windows on the second floor of Old North glimmered forth uncertainly from time to time, the whole campus would have been in gloom. If Malcom Waring had cared more for dances than he did for his books, his rooms in Nassau Hall would have been locked up for the vacation. As it was, he had chosen to remain and read through most of the Christmas recess. Of an old and distinguished New Jersey family, whose sons had been Princeton men from the time that old Jonathan Edwards expounded his sound doctrines of theology in Nassau Hall, Waring had as much interest in the traditions of its past history as in the pleasures of his own time and generation.

Perhaps that accounted for his taking the old room in Nassau Hall, with its little cubby of a bedroom adjoining, which had been occupied at one time or another by every scion of the House of Waring who had matriculated at the College of New Jersey. Unquestionably there was a sentimental interest about the old room with the big fireplace and the white-washed walls, which looked out upon the front campus and whose windows were wreathed by the ivies of classes which had gone their way of joyfulness and sadness long since. Many a time had young Waring, when the rest of the crowd had drifted out to their various dormitories, pulled his chair up to the hearth and, dreamily puffing at his best pipe, mused and thought over the times when young gentlemen with cocked hats and curious cuts of clothes, had sung and quaffed to their own satisfaction and the glory of Nassau Hall.

Now Waring neglected to tell of these mental pro-

cesses to his friends, for the excellent reason that he was chaffed enough about paying the College offices good money for the old time rooms in Old North, when he might have taken a room-mate and located in one of the brand new \$100,000 dormitories, which throng the campus. But, of course, what did all the other chaps know about his especial desires? They one and all laughed uproariously when he informed them that Christmas time, that he proposed to spend most of the vacation in the old town. His family was abroad, so it was an easy matter to decide, and decide he did.

That was the reason his light was burning on New Year's Eve, and as he came across campus from the town, where he had been making a call, he was glad enough to see the light in his room feebly appearing every now and then between the blasts of the Snow King. Gaining the west entrance of Old North he went clattering up the stone steps to the second floor just as the big bell sounded forth 11 o'clock. A pull at the string of ancient No. 10 and he swung into his room, threw off his slicker, kicked off his boots and in no time had his Morris chair pulled up toward the fire and sat dreamily and contentedly smoking and watching the hot coals in the grate gradually consume themselves.

As he sat watching the glow of the hot coals, his eyes happened to fall upon one particular brick at one side of the grate, which seemed to protrude more than its fellows. He absent-mindedly picked up the poker and commenced to pry at it; and, to his great surprise, after some show of resistance it fell out and revealed a small packet of letters, tied about with what looked like tarnished gold braid. With trembling hands he laid it on his knee and started untying the braid, which, mouldy with great age, fell apart. Upon the top piece of writing paper, was written in a cramped and hardly legible hand—"To be opened and read by any American or English gentleman."

Beneath it lay a daintily folded missive, sealed and stamped at both ends with a coat of arms, addressed in a charming hand to—"Captain Malcom Waring, Second New Jersey Regiment, Continental Army."

In a flash it came to Waring that he was holding in his hand the secret of the melancholy which was with his great-great uncle Captain Malcom Waring, of General Washington's army, who was shot and killed, while fighting gallantly beside General Mercer, at the battle of Princeton. He had heard his father tell the story to the family, of the sad romance of the lovely little Tory maid, whom Malcom Waring had loved from childhood and in the days when he had grown into a handsome young officer in the Continental Army; of her steadfast love for him, even after her stern old Tory father, compelled by the exigencies of war, had removed his family to Philadelphia upon the British occupation; of her agonized grief upon hearing of his gallant death; and later how she had been taken to England, where she reigned, a sad-faced beauty, until she slowly pined away and died of a broken heart. These things he knew; and, more than that, of the great despair of Captain Waring, when, prior to the Battle of Trenton, he had received word that Mistress Dorothy Paulding had been taken by her father to Philadelphia, and there, as the information went, was the reigning beauty and the cause of incessant devotion upon the part of the British officers. He had thought to receive some word from her, and receiving none died with a great weight upon his heart, never knowing that two letters had been sent to him; one being intercepted by Mr. Paulding and the other reaching the hands of his former chum in Princeton, Lieutenant Philip Rand.

These things went trooping through young Waring's mind as he held the letters in his hands; and then, conquering a feeling of awe, he opened the first note and read:

NASSAU HALL, Dec. 31, 1776.

To the gentleman who reads these few lines, it is the purpose of the writer to ask that he will so trouble himself to the extent of endeavouring to place the letter inclosed in the hands of my friend Captain Malcom Waring, of General Washington's army. Failing to do this, the subscriber will deem it a favour if the letter be placed in the hands of any of Captain Waring's immediate family. I had hoped to deliver the letter, which I have reason to believe is most anxiously awaited by Captain Waring, but the recent operations of the armies render it impossible. I am lying here grievously wounded and near unto death and I fear to have the letter found in my possession if I should die, since this hospital is held by Hessians, commanded by Hessian officers, who have treated me most villainously since I was brought here, a prisoner of war. I have therefore this morning, which I fear is my last, contrived to write this and place it with the letter behind a loose brick in the hearth. I have also contrived to bribe one of the sutlers to inform Captain Waring, if possible, that I have news for him, and to come at once under flag of truce ere I die. Perform this task and the God of True Lovers will bless you.

PHILIP RAND, Lieut., 5th New Jersey Reg't.

It was with shining eyes that Malcom Waring, namesake of the Revolutionary Captain, broke the seals upon the little letter and read the following :

PAULDING MANOR, Dec. 1st, 1776.

It is sad, dear heart, that I must write farewell to you until this cruel war is over. Right gladly would I stay where I might be near you, my Malcom; but my father hath decreed that we must go to Philadelphia and thence later if need be to England where our nearest kin are living. My heart is breaking as I write this for it seems unrightful and unfair that war should so separate us for so unbearable a time. Will the glad times never come again when we shall ride together through the leafy lanes? Ah Malcom, fail not to keep me ever in thy heart, for thy dear face and love is, and will be ever, so inshrined in my heart and in my life. Listen not to false report or evil tongues,

for you are my love and my life. I cannot more write. My heart is too, too heavy. Yet remain steadfast and true for know that I am waiting for you, my love and my life.

Not goodbye, pray that it may be but an revoir,

DOROTHY.

As young Waring finished reading the sad lines, he heard the sounds of footsteps upon the stairs and the jingling of spurs, and as with a start he turned toward the door, he saw it swing open, and there appeared before him a young man of superb stature and appearance, garbed in the military dress of a bygone time. His hair was long and braided in the fashion of days long since, but what struck Waring most was the look of hope unfulfilled upon his handsome face and then with a cold chill it came upon him that the apparition looked strangely like the old oil painting of his ancestor Malcom Waring, which hung in the library at home.

The officer looked at him strangely and then his restless eyes fell upon the letter which lay upon Waring's lap as he gazed stupidly at his midnight visitor. With a hoarse cry of joy the soldier grasped the letter in his trembling hands and by the flickering light of the fire read its sad story over and over again. Then thrusting it in his bosom he started to leave when his eyes again fell upon the letter written by Rand and as he read it great tears rolled down his cheeks. And then as he finished he looked at Waring who still sat staring, staring at him and would, it seemed, have spoken, had not suddenly the deep rich notes of Old North's bell sounded out its twelve resonant salutes to the passing of the old and the coming of a new year. And as the wild, sweet bells rang out, a change seemed to come upon the officer, for upon his face there was the look of a man who had found peace and happiness. And that was the look upon his face as he squared his shoulders, and opening the door passed through it, and van-

ished. And as young Waring came to himself with a start, a wild gust swept down the chimney and with a playfulness unparalleled picked up Rand's letter from the place where it had fallen from Captain Waring's hands when the New Year's bells rang out; and set it burning on the grate, even as with staring eyes young Waring noticed that a brick had fallen from its place in the lining of the hearth.

—*William Teall MacIntyre.*

SAMUEL PEPYS: HIS DIARY

About the beginning of the century that has just closed, the attention of literary men was called to a discovery of five bound volumes of shorthand notes in the Bibliotheca Pepysiana at Magdalene College, Cambridge. An undergraduate of St. John's College undertook to decipher them, and after unceasing labor for nearly three years, the results of his work were published. The volumes proved to be the manuscript of a diary kept by one Samuel Pepys during the years 1659 to 1668 inclusive.

It can hardly be realized how inestimably valuable such a diary as this can be to us, living as we do in a day when the practice of keeping a journal has become merely a perfunctory setting down of events in the order in which they occur. This work, however, stands by itself in being the only diary in which are recorded not only events, but impressions and motives as well. It brings before us in all his lights and shadows the man Samuel Pepys, who for nearly ten years daily put down on paper all his every-day actions, and all his innermost thoughts. Before 1825 the name of Samuel Pepys was known and remembered only as the name of the staid academician, and the erudite man

fond of letters and music. Today he is known the world over as the most famous diarist that ever lived. "The publication of the Diary," Wheatley aptly remarks, "although it has enhanced Pepys's fame, has been disastrous to his reputation, and we have here a remarkable illustration of the proverb that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*. When reading the Diary, we may be said to stand at his daily toilet in the place of his valet."

In the majority of journals that have been published, the writers knew that sometime their work would be made public. In the Diary, the man deliberately and vigorously lays bare every thought and ambition of his heart, with no apparent idea that his work would be seen by any other eyes. From a consideration of the character of the Diary, the conclusion to be derived is that there was no intention on Pepys's part of giving its contents to the world at large. No man, however egotistic and open-minded he might be, would have dared to expose so thoroughly his apparent falseness and deceit, or thus uncover his naked soul.

On the other hand, we find Pepys very carefully and explicitly providing in his will for the disposal and care of his library, in which was included the immortal Diary. He says, "I will and require that the following particulars be carefully, punctually and with all possible dilligence and despatch performed and Executed by my nephew" The "particulars" were that the library was to be catalogued and stamped with the Pepys family crest; and upon the death of the nephew it was to revert to Magdalene College under such conditions as to ensure its preservation intact.

It is perhaps hard to reconcile these two facts with one another, but after all there is a possibility that somewhere in Pepys's mind there lurked a consciousness of the value of this Diary to future generations, and, it may be, a hope that one day it would be discovered and at last given to the world.

This feature of utter unconsciousness on the part of the writer gives to the Diary its unique style, its peculiar charm and *naïveté*. Pepys does not pose, nor does he hesitate to set down every low or degrading motive, however injurious to himself,—a fact which renders the book infinitely valuable as a character study, especially from the standpoint of detail. As a matter of fact, Pepys's character in the Diary does not have the perspective that it probably had to his intimate friends; on the contrary the picture of his life thus presented might be said to be technically out of drawing. Where one critic would find him egotistic, penurious, and an unfaithful husband, another would see him scholarly, generous and loving. We can only judge that he was an average man of his times with his good and bad points, and note the intense human interest that permeates every page of this Diary. He is of immense value as a chronicler because he put down whatever he saw, although perhaps to a great extent he was not very much interested in that particular occurrence.

Pepys, the man, was essentially human. His two great weaknesses from his own point of view were his love of wine and his fondness for theatre-going. On Michaelmas Day, 1661, the Diary quaintly remarks that he took so much wine that he "was even almost foxed," so that he "durst not read prayers for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was in." For several years he was in the habit at least once a week of becoming "foxed" and awaking in the morning with a "soare head." He readily came to a realization of his faults, and the Diary tells us of his earnest determination to give up these forms of dissipation. He made use of the custom by no means modern of "swearing off" or of "vowing" as he called it, to the extent of several months at a time. The casuistry that he would employ in evading these vows is quite ludicrous. An entry in the Diary on October 29th, 1663, says,

"Wine was offered and they drunk, I only drinking some hypocras, which do not break my vow, it being to the best of my present judgement, only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine. If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I hope and do think I am not." As hypocras is a kind of spiced wine, his excuse would scarcely seem adequate. Then too, because his wife had not gone to the theatre the month before, she gave that time to him, and so they both went the next month to the King's play-house, without breaking his vow, as he thought.

Pepys was an unremitting theatre-goer. His Diary tells of one hundred and forty-five different plays that he had seen acted. Many of these he witnessed more than once. His comments on these are most vigorous and pithy, forming a valuable source of our knowledge on the subject of plays after the Restoration. He always attended services on Sunday, though from the following entry in his Diary dated May 26, 1667, when he went alone to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, his sincerity in doing so is rather doubtful. He says, "Did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done."

As time goes on, we find the Diarist becoming more and more a person of wealth and importance. His character seems to grow more mellow with the lapse of time until he begins to become aware of his approaching blindness, and on the 31st of May, 1669, he writes as his last entry these pathetic words, "And thus ends all that I doubt I shall be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in hand: and therefore whatever comes of it I must forbear; and therefore resolve, from this time

forward to have it kept by my people in longhand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be any thing, which cannot be much, now my amours are past, and my eyes hindering me in almost all other pleasures, I must endeavor to keep a margin in my book open, to add here and there, a note in shorthand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go in to my grave: for which and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!"

So ends Samuel Pepys, his Diary, the best example of its kind, and withal one of the quaintest and most charming of books.

—*Raymond Boileau Mixsell.*

UP STREAM AND DOWN

Youth in morning light is cleaving,
Strong and fresh, the stream of Life,—
All the current's might receiving
On his broad breast, never grieving
At the rigour of the strife.

But when youth and glow forsake him
And dark evening-breezes blow,
Take—O current—gently take him
On thy placid breast, and make him
Music, sweet and rich and low!

—*Robert Schauffler.*

A SPY'S REWARD

One bleak April morning in the year 1865 a young officer, clad in the Confederate gray, might have been seen riding up to a large and pleasant old southern mansion. He was a tall, fine-looking fellow, and his face showed not only refinement but great firmness of character. By his shoulder-straps one would have judged him a lieutenant, but the look of contempt which he now and then cast at his tattered uniform would make one almost think he was dissatisfied with his colors. Dismounting, he tied his horse and ascended the steps of the veranda.

The Wharton mansion was one of those typical old Southern places. In front, on either side of the circuitous carriage path, were two broad and beautiful lawns dotted here and there with luxuriant trees; and in the rear could be seen orchard upon orchard of apples, pears and peaches, though at the present the trees were bare. The house itself was old-fashioned in every detail. There was nothing handsome in any part of it, but with its gabled roof and large, many-paned windows, the long porch in front, and above all, its white pillars standing out in bold relief against the sunlight, Wharton Hall was not a place to be passed unnoticed. So home-like and hospitable it seemed, no traveller could turn away without regret; and yet—the young officer looked anything but pleased.

"Is Miss Wharton at home?" he asked the little colored girl who opened the door.

"Ah reckon so, massa. Ef you'll step in ah'll see."

The lieutenant stepped into the parlor and seated himself to await his hostess. He noticed, as he looked about, how pleasant and homelike every little feature of the room was; its large comfortable chairs and neat snow-white curtains all imparted a feeling of peace and calm.

Before long, however, he was awakened from his

revery by a rustle of skirts, and a young woman entered the room. She was rather short in stature, yet there was something, stately, almost queenly about her. Anyone would have called her strikingly pretty and the officer noticed that she was the perfect embodiment of grace. "You wished to see me?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, "I have a letter from your father which, I think, will explain my visit."

She took the missive and read it. The lieutenant watched her as she did so, and a new and indescribable feeling seemed to come over him. The more he watched her the more he admired her, then fearing she might look up and find him staring at her, he turned away and a pained expression came over his face.

"So you are Lieutenant Lewis," she said, as she finished. "Let me bid you welcome."

"Thank you. I hope I'm not putting you to any inconvenience. I would not"—the words seem to stick in his throat. "Pardon me," he said when he had recovered himself, "The dampness has given me a cold."

"Have you heard from our boys at the front?" she asked, ignoring his embarrassment.

"Yes, the end is almost near, I'm afraid. Sheridan has beaten us back at Five Forks and Lee's little force is almost surrounded. I don't think we can hold out much longer."

Her bright look changed as he said these words. "I wish it were otherwise," she murmured. "Ah, it must be grand to fight for the Confederacy!" she continued, as if to herself. "I wish I were a man and I'd join the ranks too, but here I sit and even have to take an officer away from his duty in order to protect me." Then recollecting his presence, "You must have served a long time. You'll be sorry to have fought for a lost cause."

"I can never regret it" he replied, "when the cause has been such a righteous one as ours."

They talked on for nearly an hour, then she excused herself. When alone she opened the letter he had given her and read it again :

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—

It seems unwise for you to be in the house alone during my absence; there are too many thieving guerrillas around. So I send you an officer, Lieutenant Lewis, a gentleman and a protégé of mine, who will duly mount guard over the place until I return.

Your affectionate father.

"What an honest, handsome face he has!" she mused, as she folded the letter. "I think I could love such a man." Then she blushed at her own thoughts and threw the letter almost resentfully into the fireplace.

In the parlor, Lieutenant Lewis stood gazing out of the window; he had one hand up to his face, and wore the same pained expression that we have noted before. "Oh, if I had known," he exclaimed aloud, "if I had known whom I had to meet, whom I had to deceive! I cannot tell her such lies, she is too—" he stopped and struck his hand angrily upon the sill.

That night, as he was about to retire, the young officer took out a letter from his pocket and read it; but he clutched it angrily, and his brow was clouded as he scanned its contents. The letter ran thus :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND,
MAJOR CARLETON ASHLEY, U. S. A.

Dear Sir:—Knowing your loyalty and bravery as well as keenness in military tactics, I desire to entrust you with a secret mission for the government. As you know, we are anxious to find Jefferson Davis, who is now supposed to be concealed in General Wharton's mansion in southern Tennessee; and it will be your duty to ascertain the truth. I believe you eminently qualified to fulfill this mission and so have appointed you. Let me hear from you without delay.

GEORGE H. THOMAS, Major General.

He flung the letter to the floor, and sinking into a chair, covered his face with his hands. "I cannot, I cannot, I cannot!" he moaned.

* * * * *

The next morning Major Ashley, as he should now be called, rose with a fixed purpose. "There is no use of my having any scruples," he said to himself, "I have a mission to perform for my country, and however disagreeable or dishonorable a spy's duty is, it is for her I am doing it." It was his intention to make a search of the house as soon as an opportunity was offered, but his hostess was so hospitable and the servants so numerous, that the entire day passed without his accomplishing his purpose. His one fear was General Wharton's return, but expecting his absence to continue some days longer, he was not in despair.

The next day, however, passed much the same as the preceding one; yet he managed to satisfy himself there was no one hidden on the first floor, and the cellar too was scoured in vain. In spite of his resolve, the longer he stayed the harder he found it to practice his deception. She was so kind and hospitable to him, and he—well he did not love her, he was quite sure, but as the days passed the thought of leaving became harder and harder to bear. Indeed it seemed as if something new had come into both of their lives.

The following morning Ashley rose early and by a piece of good fortune was able to explore the garret without detection. He found no one, but, satisfied in his achievement, he came down to breakfast in high spirits. Miss Wharton seemed unusually lovely to him that morning.

"Ah, Lieutenant Lewis, you have been such a good protector, I shall recommend you for promotion."

He was tempted to reply that he wished he might always be her protector, but decided that that would be

unwise. "Thank you," he rejoined, "Your father will probably return to-day and then I shall be removed," and he looked away sadly. Then as she made no reply he continued, "I should be inhuman if I didn't say I was sorry to leave. You have been so kind," and his voice broke.

For a minute her own emotion welled up like a torrent in her heart. Then she came to him and held out her hand. "I shall be sorry too; but we may still remain friends, Lieutenant Lewis."

The name aroused him with a shudder. He longed to tell her all and ask her to forgive him; but she would despise him if she knew the truth. Ah, he was so unworthy of her! She, so frank and kind, and he had deceived her at every turn.

Recollecting, however, that time was precious to him now, he excused himself on the plea of a headache and went up-stairs. "One more lie," he groaned as he made a tour of the second floor, "This is my last search, thank God. I will go to-day and deceive her no longer."

On coming down he found her sitting in the parlor with a book in her hand. She looked up pleasantly as he entered. "How's the head?" she asked and there was a look of playfulness as well as interest in her eyes.

Ashley felt the color mount to his cheeks. "Oh, that's better," he said indifferently. Just then a voice was heard at the door. "Dere's a man hyah to see you, Miss 'Lisbeth, and he say he hab a letter fer you."

Ashley started involuntarily. Had he been discovered? A cold chill came over him, for he well knew a rope was a spy's reward.

Miss Wharton received a note from an orderly at the door and recognizing her father's writing broke the seal and read it.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER, (it ran)

The dead body of Lieutenant Lewis was found in the

bushes this morning. As he was dressed in the Yankee uniform, I fear a certain spy, a Major Ashley, who is looking for President Davis, has taken his place. Should you be harboring him, keep him somehow till I can get to you. Your affec. father.

Elizabeth Wharton dropped the note with a cry. Her eyes swam and she had to steady herself against the wall. "A spy," she gasped. "A spy! Oh, he cannot be!" Then with an effort she stooped and picked up the letter. But it was a few minutes before she could recover herself; and then grief turned to resentment. "I don't believe it," she declared; but an idea suddenly came to her—"I will ply him with some questions, and if he seems even the least startled, I will know it is true. I trust him so, I will even risk his escape!"

When she reëntered the room her agitation was quite gone, and even Ashley was reassured by her manner. After a few trifling remarks, however, Elizabeth decided to begin her campaign. She sincerely hoped she would fail, yet she felt she owed it to her love to remove all doubt from him. "Lieutenant Lewis," she began, "There are many different kinds of warfare, some on the battle-field and some not, but I should think a man would always hate to be a spy; it is so dishonorable, so unmanly. Don't you think so?"

She little realized how much she hurt him with these words, but as she watched him closely, involuntarily he had winced—just a little, just a movement of the eyes; but she was on the lookout and she caught it. The first ruse was successful.

Yet he was perfectly oblivious and unsuspecting when he answered her, "A spy's life may not be an open one Miss Wharton; in some ways it may not be honorable, but it is one of the most necessary phases of warfare, and if a man can serve his country best as a spy then it is his duty to be one."

"Yet I know I would hate a man whom I knew to be deceiving me—even for his country. I should think an honorable man would shrink from such a duty, Major—pardon me, Lieutenant Lewis." This was a telling blow, and she had wielded it with a grace and naturalness that did her credit. She fairly held her breath as she waited for his answer; but he was so plainly startled that she could in nowise doubt that her second attempt had likewise accomplished its purpose.

Wavering between a desire to succeed and a desire to find him innocent, she now braced herself for the third and last attempt. After a brief continuance of the discussion she suddenly changed the subject—too suddenly for her not to expect to arouse his suspicions. "The Yankees are very anxious to find President Davis, aren't they," she asked, and she looked him squarely in the eye. It was just a little change of expression then, but her third ruse was successful.

Ashley, however, was beginning to suspect. The three methods she had used to incriminate him now rose with full force into his mind, and clearly now did he realize his danger. Yet he could not leave the woman he loved without assuring himself. "Why do you ask, Miss Wharton?" he said.

For the first time Elizabeth found herself unequal to her task. Like a tempest it came to her that she had found him guilty—the man she loved. She had succeeded, but how dear the price of victory! Fearing to betray herself if she faced him longer, she rose and walked to the window.

For a minute it seemed as if her heart would break; then came the remembrance that he had deceived her, and rapidly contempt and resentment took the place of grief. She had been at the window perhaps a minute when she turned and confronted him, her face flushed with anger.

"Major Ashley," she said—"for I call you by your true name now—you are a spy, a mean, skulking spy. You came to my house accepting my hospitality and deceiving me in every way. You even wished to be my friend. Bah! no spy is my friend. But I see through you now, yes through all your lying excuses; and I can't tell you how much I hate and despise you, you s-py," and she hissed it through her teeth in her scorn. "But," she continued, "I hate myself too for trusting you so, for I have let you know that you are discovered. You will never get your just deserts now; for a coward will always take advantage of a woman."

Ashley sat rigid, as if petrified, during her accusation. Yet he was quite himself. "You need not worry, Miss Wharton," he answered sadly. "I shall not go. I may be a spy, but I'm not a coward.

So unexpected was a reply like this that she was completely disarmed. If he had tried to defend himself, she would have scorned him the more, but instead he had received the charge calmly, and as one who expected it. A spy he might be, but he was not a coward—she saw that. Indeed she could not help admiring him, as he sat there expecting the enemy every minute, and knowing only too well that it meant a rope and a lonely grave. She longed to apologize for calling him a coward, but her pride would not permit. So she left the room, left him to his fate.

Carleton Ashley sat with head bent, his face marked with both firmness and despair. He must die a dishonored, unmourned death—the death of a spy. Yet he would prove to her that he was not a coward. That thought alone made him happy.

Perhaps ten minutes elapsed. Then came the clatter of horses' hoofs outside, followed by a loud knocking at the door. Ashley's heart stood still. His minutes were numbered now. He must meet his fate.

Straining his ear to catch every sound he, heard General Wharton and his daughter speaking in an undertone. It seemed an hour before they entered the room, yet it was but a few minutes.

The general advanced toward him, a fine-looking, middle-aged man with grey hair and a goatee. His manner was that of a perfect gentleman, yet Ashley noticed a little coldness as he spoke. "Major Ashley, when I started for home, I expected to be able to take you prisoner, to give you a spy's deserts, but"—and his face showed a little sadness—"word of Lee's surrender has just come to me, the war is over, and I have no right to detain you further. My daughter has told me of your honorable refusal to escape, and I respect you for it. We have been enemies; let us now shake hands as friends," and he offered his hand in true Southern hospitality.

Ashley could hardly believe his eyes and ears, so great was his amazement. Taking the proffered hand, he mumbled out some words of acknowledgment, then, as the general left the room, he turned to the daughter. "Miss Wharton, I am sorry that I had to deceive you and abuse your hospitality, I never would have done it except for my country, and you, who have been so loyal to your own flag, cannot blame me for being loyal to mine."

"It is I who should ask you to forgive," she answered brokenly. Then for the first time she gave way. The tears which had been kept back so long now would burst forth. A second and he was at her side, his arms about her. "Oh, Miss Wharton, Elizabeth."

—*Thad Weed Riker.*

A GLANCE AT ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Since the death of Robert Louis Stevenson, seven years ago, the interest in his life and writings has continually grown, until now the point has been reached when his reputation must fail or increase. Much of this interest is due to mere curiosity stimulated by newspapers, much to a real feeling for his romantic life, and a genuine love and admiration for the man. But the world is not content to praise a man; it must make him an idol, and then after a time realizing that he is not a god, it must estimate him far below his real worth.

It is easy to understand that Stevenson as a young man was unpopular at college, and among most of those who knew him in his native city. He was not the average man, and we must think that in his younger days he found a good deal of sly pleasure in mystifying and outraging that conventional and respectable individual. But these mysterious doings of his Edinburgh days were the outpourings of a part of his character that in later years endeared him to his friends, made him the most delightful of companions, and formed the foundation for his peculiar charm of personality. And his sincerity is shown in the fact that from first to last he was received without distrust, even with friendliness, by people among whom it would have been worth another man's life to venture. Nowhere is his deep appreciation of men, his sympathy with them, and his romantic, adventurous nature better shown than by this: during his cruises in the South Seas, he never left an island that the natives did not feel grief at his departure, and he always had a real friend in the native chief. This was due partly to his charm of manner, partly may be to the champagne and the dinners on his yacht; but that semi-barbarous chiefs, the shyest, most reserved and most suspicious people in the world, should consult him on important mat-

ters, and give him their most cherished possessions, is a proof more sure than words, that he had a genuine sympathy and love for men.

And indeed, Stevenson has for our generation somewhat the same fascination that Byron had for his. It would be hard to find two men more different in the essentials of character, but the same thing has happened in the case of each. Extravagant praise injures its object more than harsh criticism, and Stevenson has been over-lauded until some people have been stirred to enter a protest perhaps little nearer the truth. But there is a mean between sentimental praise and angry abuse, showing in Stevenson a man well worthy of admiration whose life is cheering and stimulating. A recent critic refuses to see that praise is due to Stevenson "for that, being a stricken man, he would live out his life." But there can be no fault in admiring him for that life, and no praise too high can be accorded that example of strong courage and high cheerfulness. Stevenson was a life-long invalid, and his dream was for a life of action. His characteristic virtue was not meekness, but the strain of his life was neither blind revolt nor cool cynicism. Few have had deeper proof than he, that happiness is an elusive phantom, seldom caught and never held and he proclaimed the quest of happiness as his purpose in life. He wrote "we have never made a statue worthy of our dreams," that no ideal is ever attained, no goal ever won; and he made it the business of his life to strive for the ideal.

Much has been said, and truly, about the eternal boy in Stevenson,—the quality that made him rejoice in the world and relish life, gave him his perennial zest for play and trifling, and his delight in the land of make-believe. It was this quality that made him write the "Child's Garden of Verses" and "Treasure Island," that sent him cruising in the Pacific, and that accounts for his ease in

mingling with all sorts of people. His boyishness was always with him, not in memory, but in practice, and it is this that is at the bottom of all the romance of his character; for romance is but the quality of unforgotten boyhood—the delight in action and adventure. "I never was bored in my life," Stevenson once said;—a statement that explains his cheerfulness, his romanticism, and a certain bloom of immortal childhood, that is the chief secret of the charm of his personality. Through many years of sickness peculiarly harrassing to a man of his temperament and ideals he kept, on the whole, a "brave gaiety" and cheerfulness as admirable as they are rare. And his gaiety was not the false light-heartedness of Heine, that really springs from the nether depths of despair; but rather a brave, wholesome laughter like a boy's. He was too serious to think life a farce, too sane to think it a tragedy.

It is a baffling undertaking to try to analyze Stevenson's character, and the more intimately we come to know it, the more complex and elusive and paradoxical it seems, for he was not consistent, and did not try to be. But Stevenson himself has left the best statement of his attitude toward life in his "Requiem:"

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

Stevenson considered himself "a competent man of letters," probably as true an estimate as has been given. He was a "competent man of letters," a trained and experienced writer, good in many fields,—romancer, essayist and poet. And this versatility, so unusual, so admirable from one

standpoint, so inevitable an expression of Stevenson, is doubtless one of the chief reasons why he did not rise to supreme greatness in any one line of work. By nature he was a versatile man, and his work is himself. It is impossible to identify him with a single school. He was neither pure romanticist nor pure realist. He was rather the result of a blending of the schools of Scott and George Eliot, transforming, often improving on their principles, but as a whole not attaining to their level of achievement.

Stevenson's best gift to the world is his life; his second best is his literary style and the record of its development and accomplishment. In English literature there are few men who have devoted themselves so conscientiously, so untiringly, to the expression of their thoughts in the truest, clearest and most entertaining way possible. Stevenson's work has brought almost a new influence into English letters, or at least has revived and breathed new life into an old principle, and the impetus that his example has given to English writers of to-day toward a more careful and a higher art will remain living and active whether the popularity of his books survives or not. This is Stevenson's strongest and surest claim to be remembered.

It is significant of Stevenson's character that he never allowed his invalidism to color his view of life as expressed in his work. He regarded his ill health as a handicap to be fought against and overcome, he never used it as an excuse for a faulty performance. He knew that the world estimates a man's work by what it is, not by what it might have been, and made no allowance to himself for his life's handicap.

—*Raymond Sanderson Williams.*

THE MASS FOR THE DEAD

A PASTEL

Under the lofty roof of the old church the shadows were deep and dark, and but little light struggling through the stained-glass windows fell across the empty pews. The flame of the lamp which hung before the altar by a long golden chain flickered as if moved by a gentle breeze — perhaps the breath of God. Near the front of the nave, a woman knelt. Her bonnet was old and shabby. Her clothes were black. Beneath one arm a seam had ripped, and a line of white showed pitifully against the dark color of her dress. From time to time her bent shoulders trembled slightly. She was sobbing. The pages of the prayer-book which she held rustled as she turned them. Her lips moved silently, but in her heart she repeated dully the words of the psalm of David — the words of the prayer for the dead.

*Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice.
O, let Thine ears consider well the voice of my supplication . . .*

In the adjacent chapel, a priest was saying mass, the intonations of his voice were indistinct and the responses feeble and trembling.

*Quare tristes es, anima mea! et quare conturbas me?
Spera in deo, quoniam adhuc confitebor illi . . .*

The sound of the strain fluttered through half-open doors, and, mingling with the smell of incense which lingered before the altar, came fitfully to the senses of the kneeling figure.

Misereatur vestri omnipotens Deus, et dimissis peccatis vestris, perducat vos ad vitam aeternam . . .

The pages ceased their rustling. Her lips were still. Her bowed head, topped by the bonnet of rusty black, bent lower . . . lower . . . lower. The prayer book fell unheeded from her fingers, she slept . . .

Through the half-open doors the sound of the voice of the priest rose and fell, the flame in the lamp before the altar glowed yellow through its red globe. A workman moved softly down the aisle and, kneeling at the chancel, prayed a while and then departed . . .

*Hosanna in Excelsis. Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.*

The mass was drawing to a close. An old care-taker was lighting the lamps, about the walls of the huge church. But in her dark corner the black-robed woman slept—and her prayer-book, with half the leaves ruthlessly bent under, lay as it fell, face downward on the pew behind which she knelt.

—*Pax. P. Hibben.*

WINTER MUSIC

May winter fields retain a charm
Where nature's old and sear?
Stray crows afar with shrill alarm
Proffer their coarse, harsh cheer.
The breezes rattle through the hedge,
And whisper bitter through the sedge;
Shall music there be sought?
On freezing wings all youth is flown,
And bitterly the winds make moan;—
A woful harmony of naught.

But winter has its own charm still,
And a sad sweetness, too,
When sunrise light from some grey hill
Touches the frozen dew,
While from far meadows faintly floats
A meadow-lark's sweet range of notes
To grey-blue skies above:
A trilling song the sparrow sings,
May's harbinger that sweetly rings
With untaught melody of love.

—*Louis Woodruff Wallner.*

EDITORIAL

Serious music—music, that is, taken up in earnest and for its own sake—has for some reason never received the attention and devotion of Princeton undergraduates. There seems to be no very valid reason for the existence of this state of things. It is not because the majority of us do not care for good music: a talented professional performer rarely fails to attract a larger audience to Alexander Hall or University Hall than e. g. a Trask lecturer, (to put the matter mildly.)

There is, no doubt, a certain unreasoning and foolish attitude to which expression is often given amongst us, toward what is contemptuously branded as "classical," music; by which is meant, in spite of the sad misuse of the term "classical," all of that very music which expert testimony has pronounced the only music of any real value whatever—the only music that merits the name of music. And surely expert testimony is the only testimony that deserves to be consulted. It is, of course, not true, that the average American student is as musical as the average student of a German university; for, after all, the appreciation of music is something in-born, and the love for it incapable of being acquired by a constitutionally unmusical individual,—and none of those attempts have been successful which have been deigned to prove that Americans are in any way to be compared with the Germans as a musical nation. Yet we do honestly believe that possibly the majority of these "Philistines" who are found unblushingly avowing their distaste for good music are merely following a fad in so speaking. We believe that there is here in reality no

less a potentiality of fine musical appreciation, and enthusiasm over music which is really "worth while," than in any other American university.

The question, then, remains, why it is that this dormant spirit of music has not made its presence more distinctly felt; why it is that the scattered individual efforts which have been made on one occasion and another to inaugurate some organized association of music-lovers for the enjoyment of chamber-music and for concerted and other forms of music, have been so often still-born. Our belief is that the prime cause is to be found, not in the lack of musical instruction in the university curriculum, not in our being without the advantages of city life in connection with the university, and not in any absence of love for music among us, but in the very large amount of time which is required to be given to the practice of the regular Glee and Mandolin and Banjo Clubs. The presence of the most musical men is required in these clubs to make them a success, and all the musical energy and the time that we might devote to serious music is absorbed — not to say dissipated — by these organizations.

The *raison d'être* of the present musical clubs appear to be two, and only two. Their extended trips through different sections of the country serve as an admirable advertisement of Princeton and of things Princetonian. And, moreover, they have always been celebrated for giving their members the best kind of a good time. Now, we believe that, if it were not for the second of these points, Princeton might place her advertising contracts to much better advantage in other ways than this, with much less expenditure of time and energy *per* unit of advertising effectiveness. Still, we would not say a word against the continuance of the present musical clubs, did we not believe that the second reason as well, of those above given, has also largely discontinued to hold good. From conversation with

various members of the clubs, a very positive impression has been received, that, except to the Freshmen, to whom the first year's experience is novel and pleasing (barring their frequent enforced duties as porters while traveling,) the long vacation trips and the extended hours of drudgery in practice are coming to be regarded more and more as a bore and an infliction to the majority of the men on all the clubs,—the principal cause, it is understood, for the omission of the last Christmas trip. If this is not the case, we are subject to correction from the members themselves; but if it is the case, what reason remains for continuing the existence of the clubs as at present constituted?

If we could have a glee club whose main object and aim is less social than *musical*, if we could have a university orchestra on a permanent basis, and some organized attempts at chamber-music for various small combinations of instruments (one of the most ideal forms of musical enjoyment,) the university as a whole and the lovers of music themselves would be the gainers. The difficulty at present seems to be, for most of us who are interested in music, to secure any more time to give to it than we already devote to the present organizations.

If the Glee Club and the Mandolin Club and the Banjo Club are really wanted, (and that not by the college at large, but by those most vitally interested and for whom the clubs exist—their own members,) by all means let them remain: the conclusion will be, that after all most of us do *not* greatly care for music for its own sake, and those of the minority must reconcile themselves to the inevitable. But is it the case that they are still wanted?

GOSSIP:

OF THE INN, AND KINDRED MATTERS

"I said there was not half a guinea's worth of pleasure in seeing this place. JOHNSON. 'But, Sir, there is half a guinea's worth of inferiority to other people in not having seen it.' BOSWELL. 'I doubt, Sir, whether there are many happy people here.' JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir, there are many happy people here. There are many people here who are watching hundreds, and who think hundreds are watching them.'"

—James Boswell; *"Life of Samuel Johnson"*

"How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!"

—Emily Dickinson; *"Poems; Second Series."*

Once upon a time the Gossip went to the Inn. He had heard that, besides the pictures of Lord Tennyson and the football heroes, there was a magnificent three-by-five print of a tiger, framed in orange and black satin and illuminated by a dozen gas-jets with reflectors. He wished to be able to discuss this brilliant work intelligently when the conversation should happen to turn upon the fine arts; so, as he has said, once upon a time the Gossip went to the Inn.

He sat where he could see the masterpiece and whatever else might be of interest. Before long, two intellectual members of his class came in and sat down; one of them nodded quite graciously, but the other had too much upon his mind. They had come to discuss some business of which, perhaps, they had no reason to be ashamed, so they spoke so clearly and distinctly that the Gossip had no excuse for not hearing.

Said the preoccupied one, "The best of it is that the thing is limited; the men that come to talk to us know that they are speaking to the pickled men of the university, and so they feel able to meet us on easier terms."

"Right!"

Something was said about printing an edition of the club's minutes, limited to twelve copies on hand-made paper, in Roxcroft style; which led the preoccupied one to remark that *The Princetonian* was going to give them a whole column, next day.

"Doesn't that look a little too much like advertising?" asked his less progressive companion.

"Why should it, if the thing is done right. It would be different if

we were doing it all for our own glory; but these articles are only meant to bring the club to the notice of the underclassmen, so as to give them some definite aim for their senior year." The framer of this vindication seemed to feel that it was triumphantly effective, and looked around the room for corroboration. But the Gossip, for his part, was quite impassive and unresponsive, intent upon the lustrous gaudiness of the tiger.

By this time the evening was well under way; there was much rattling of steins, much laughing, much talking, and now and then a song. Everyone was determined to be jovial and hearty.

At the next table were a number of fellows with a haphazard assortment from a spectrum twined gracefully around their hats. From the angle at which the brims of those hats were turned down, giving a clear view of the color-scheme, it was evident that they were newly of the elect. So it was but natural that they should be discussing the qualifications of a classmate.

"He is a prominent man—is a good athlete, and stands well with the fellows; he often comes up here and drinks with the very best crowd in college."

"Doesn't he strike you as being rather coarse-grained?"

"What of it? If Princeton boasts of being democratic, we oughtn't to consider that sort of thing. What we want is men that are known and can give the club a position among the fellows."

"That's right. But the club already has enough well-known men to keep up its influence."

"Sure; with the crowd we have now, we ought to do things. The clubs mean a good deal more now than they did, anyhow."

"They aren't so select."

"No, but they're coming to be recognized as having the most typical Princeton men, so that they have a lot more influence. They are already able to do a good deal in the way of seeing that the college is not represented by any men who are not gentlemen."

A waiter began turning down the lights, and by contrast the tinsel showiness of the tiger glittered the more insistently.

"*Old Nassau, fello'xs*," said someone, and all rose and sang. A disinterested critic might have objected that the words fell short of the sublime, or that the last bars of the music were painfully lugubrious, and a captious outsider might have thought the sentiment a little forced. But *Old Nassau* meant something more than the tawdry display of the tiger framed in orange and black satin and illuminated by its dozen gas-jets with reflectors.

EDITOR'S TABLE

"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man."

There are choice bits out of the whole realm of literature that every man cherishes in his own mind, to which he returns again and again with renewed interest, and from which he draws added meaning with every reading. Thus we have turned to Bacon's "Essay on Studies" for our text, thinking how aptly the quotation applies to matters present and pertinent. As for the reading—in college—we all know there is a sufficiency of it required; but how often is a book spoiled solely because it is required. Human nature cannot, it seems, learn to enjoy thoroughly the things that must be done; so the book that must be read too often becomes in our minds an integral part of the course that must be satisfactorily completed, and both a bore. The reading that makes a full man is the reading that is prompted by our own tastes and desires, the reading that we hunger for, but which, we confess, can seldom find a place before the end of a busy day. These are the books that are ours, these the authors whom we know.

The writing,—who does any writing, who, at least, does much writing? Most of us have never formed the habit. True, perhaps our curriculum is not what it should be in this particular, but why not write anyway? Here again is human nature, many-sided. We would write if we had to; we should probably hate it at times, but we should learn how at any rate. The things we have to do are distasteful, the things we don't have to do go undone. We are almost perplexed. Give up, not a bit! Let us be our own taskmasters and write.

Then the conference. That seems easier, at least to think about; and we should like to write those words again, in italics, "*conference maketh a ready man.*" First there must be a subject worthy of conference. And here we would commend the editorials in the college magazines as thoughtful discussions of subjects of vital interest. Even these, however, are but one-sided discussions, and we were thinking more particularly of conversation, college conversation. Debating societies are helpful, but in them only one question is allowed in an evening; and here conversation surpasses formal debate, in that the whole range of the universe may be touched upon with all the freshness of spontaneity. In one sense all conversation is debate, and the list of participants is limited only by the number present. How sadly do we lack such conference, how pleasantly does it grow with practice. In college years of all times

should a man's ideas be broadened by a knowledge of other points of view than his own, and his individual experience be supplemented by that of his fellows. Conversation should be suitable to the occasion, but it need not be taken up wholly with the commonplace of any subject. We are too apt to think that our editors only should talk seriously or discuss the significance of things; but they speak only at intervals and from their appointed place. We, however, on the campus or in our rooms are under no such limitations, and can converse to our hearts' content. Our most positive convictions are rarely expressed with accurate meaning the first time we utter them, and although we may know our own minds thoroughly, we do not always make others realize it. Careful conversation, moreover, brings a nice choice of words that gives one the delightful power of shading his speech exactly to his thought. It is from a lack of such care that we are so unreasonably dependent upon the hackneyed expression, and our conversation seems stilted when we cannot resort to slang.

We read that "Dr. Witherspoon remarked that in the whole career of Mr. Madison at Princeton, he had never known him to say or do an indiscreet thing." He was Madison in spite of that. Better for us, far better, to say,—sometimes even to do,—the indiscreet thing, and having gotten it out of us, learn our indiscretion, rather than continue in complacent ignorance and conceit. For in no way does a man so quickly see his weakness and learn his power, as in conversation. If men are to listen to us there must be thought behind our words. We must have our opinions, and more than this we must know how to make others feel them.

Such, we take it, is the true conference that maketh a ready man. May there be more of it.

THE BEACON LIGHT

The tides are running high to-night, sweetheart;
The combers break and thunder on the shore;
The voice of Ocean speaks as ne'er before,
Each shout enough to rend the cliffs apart.
Far out the 'cud low driven o'er the sea,
Its ragged edges streaming down the wind,
The winding sheet of ghosts who seek their kind,
Folds close about its silent tragedy.

But, lo! Thro' blinding swirl of mist and rain
The beacon light across the harbor gleams;
Athwart the mauling waves it casts its beams,
And calls the weary toiler home again.
Dear heart, the tides are running high to-night—
My haven thou, thine eyes my beacon light.

—P. B. M. in *The Morningside*.

BOOK TALK

Victorian Prose Masters. By W. C. Brownell.

Thackeray, Carlyle, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin and George Meredith, their works personalities and claims of excellence, are discussed under this title.

Mr. Brownell with confidence and care analyses the good and strong qualities and criticises the faults and shortcomings of each author. This will be of great interest to any one who has already read and does not understand the attitude and character of the author as well as to those who have not read the authors of this period and feel the need of some insight into the peculiarities of their work.

To Thackeray the author gives the first place as a novelist. The love of truth and the desire to expose shams and hypocrisy is very evident in Thackeray, especially in *Vanity Fair*. His strong personality is a feature of his work, as is the moralising tone which he adopts. His characters are widely scattered but all clearly drawn and never lose their distinctiveness even in a large crowd. Henry Esmond is considered the nearest perfect novel yet written. *Pendennis* and *Vanity Fair*. The *Newcombes* are his best novels. Thackeray is more fully appreciated now than in his own time. His characters are given us as they act in society without all the workings of the mind which usually accompany acts.

Carlyle's personality is the least interesting of these six authors. He had a realization of his own great force which amounted to conceit and at the same time he was whimsical and authoritative. His personal opinions bias all his critical and historical work so as to make most of it valueless except for the style and diction. He was selfish and openly made distinction his aim in life. His prose was usually masterly and at times eloquent. *Carlyle's only modern hero was Goethe*, and it was he who introduced German literature into England.

The psychological novel was a creation of G. Eliot and was her chief work. Her popularity was great at the time when a novel, in which all the characters thought much almost to the exclusion of action, was a novelty. But now the novelty has worn off, her works are less widely read but will remain classic. Her style can hardly be called distinctive but is generally pungent and to the point but at times is ponderous and wordy in an attempt at gaining clearness.

The theme of Matthew Arnold was always culture and poise, and was misunderstood by his contemporaries. His works are rich in ideas and he himself says that he wrote "for the thoughts of those who think." His essays are to us the most important part of his work although he wrote on political and religious subjects as well as on literary and critical matters.

Ruskin is called a pure sentimentalist by Mr. Brownell, and from his works and life this judgement appears to be correct. His prose is full of cadences and an almost metrical rhythm so that his prose is often spoken of as "prose poetry." Mediaevalism or his refusal to progress with civilization is considered one of his chief faults while his emotion always overcomes his reason. His style is eloquent yet there is in it a lack of form and in his works there is a considerable lack of substance. In spite of these defects he awakened a new interest in art and especially in the beauties of nature a thing greatly needed at the time he wrote.

The great intellectual eminence of G. Meredith is the only explanation to be given for the lack of popularity of his works. A condition which he did not attempt to change by creating a less intellectual common ground on which to meet readers. Meredith is ranked with Thackeray for his "criticism of life" but treats fantastic subjects in a realistic way. His meaning is often purposely obscure and he lessens human passion by paying too much attention to the purely mental side of action. Often the acts of his characters are inconsistent with the amount of "brain stuff" they are supposed to possess. His comic treatment of characters is so long continued, in many cases that it becomes irritating to the reader. His imagination is remarkable and his themes are many and varying.

The purpose of the book is well carried out and is one which interests everyone who wants to fully understand the authors discussed. Of itself it is interesting as a scholarly criticism and a very well written book.

St. Nazarius. By A. C. Farquharson. New York: The Macmillan Co.
\$1.50.

"*St. Nazarius*" is one of the most entertaining stories of the month. There is no great depth to it; indeed it is simple enough for a child to enjoy, yet withal a story none should fail to read, a charming picture of idealism, really fascinating in its artistic touch. The plot can be outlined in brief. The old duke of Oldenburg who had two sons; disinherits the elder because of his determination to put love before everything else. The younger, who bears a level head at the cost of sentiment, he invests with all his estates. But as time goes on an unconquerable feeling of injustice rankles in his mind, and so, we find him on his death bed atoning for the wrong done his first born, now dead, by leaving everything to the latter's son, a boy of twelve. The younger son Sebastian

is only too glad to to rid himself of an estate which he feels was not his by right, so in spite of the protests of an ever-complaining wife, he goes in search of the lad Mirvan. At first the boy refuses to go with him but the sudden death of his mother, leaving him homeless and friendless, makes him at length consent to the proposal. For ten years we now watch his progress in his new home, and a strong and beautiful friendship springs up between himself and Sebastian's son Humphrey. Together the two lads go through the monastic school, then the university, differing widely in character and tastes, yet never once wavering from their mutual friendship. Mirvan's early years in the forest have made him narrow-minded and unsociable, yet despite this we see a true and noble soul within, and a heart capable of loving and enduring. Humphrey as a contrast to Mirvan is fond of society and active enjoyments, but like his cousin, is unselfish, almost to a fault. Yet it is only a question of time before these two totally different characters must clash, and the cause is the appearance in Humphrey's life of a woman. He professes no more than friendship for her, and with the semblance of the priest that he hopes to be, gives her sceptic mind unfailing comfort. Mirvan, however, knowing little of women, and filled with false rumors of Irène, continually remonstrates with his cousin, and finding the latter unwilling to give up his new friendship, gives way to a melancholy that well-nigh wrecks his life. At last, however, he decides to see Irène, and though at first he feels nothing but repugnance, little by little an ardent love springs up between them. Humphrey suspects nothing until Mirvan believing that the former also, loves her, declares himself willing to sacrifice his love for his cousin. The misunderstanding is healed and Mirvan weds Irène. Ten years later he dies and Humphrey, unselfish as ever, gives up his life-work that he may become the main-stay and comfort of his cousin's widow. There the book ends. The plot is simple, and the characters few, but everything is portrayed with a grace and finish that only an artist can devise.

Captain Blith. By Max Adeler. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.
\$1.50.

If one desires a book to read aloud and yet enjoy, no more charming or entertaining one can be found than this new book of Max Adeler. It is not a great work. You would hardly call it a particularly strong story. Yet, notwithstanding this, it is an exceedingly well-written book and interesting from start to finish. There are no two or three characters that monopolize all the pages. Instead, the author has given us a number—and yet not too many. Each character is drawn with a cleverness that no reader can fail to appreciate; the old judge with his visionary schemes and worthless inventions, the money-loving banker, verging on

the precipice of theft and ruin, the old physician with his genial, unselfish nature, and the "quick" prince deceiving the simple country folk, all show the author's skill in portrayal. It is the story of a village, a story in which simplicity and innocence, comedy and crime are all woven and interwoven with a cleverness that cannot fail to please. Captain Bluit is a genial old bachelor, always on the alert to help a neighbor, ever ready for a kind word or action. It seems as if he were hardly prominent enough to give the book its title, nevertheless he is one of the strongest and most delightful characters we meet. Chief in the interest of the story is the charming romance of Walter Drury and Dorathea Hamilton. In no two persons could love and fidelity have been more firmly planted than in these; and though a tyrannical father separated them for a time, "Love finds a way" at last to bring them together. The book concludes with the marriage of three couples and the capture and death of the "villan."

Max Adler has done well in writing such a book. There is nothing of the morbid or unpleasant in it, it is a simple little village story, simply told, and when we close it, it is with reluctance and in our mind we cannot but feel that reading such a book was time well spent.

Essays and Addresses. By Augustine Birrell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.

More essays by Mr. Birrell. As in former volumes there is a wide range of subjects, from the eighteenth century parliamentarian Sir Robert Peel, and Wesley the apostle of Methodism, to the soul-poet Browning and an essay on how to discriminate between a good book and a bad one.

The essay on Wesley endeavors to give a brief view of the eighteenth century other than that seen in the pages of Boswell and Horace Walpole. Of Wesley the man he says: "No single figure influenced so many minds, no single figure touched so many hearts." *What, then, did happen at the at the Reformation?* he asks next. After wading through a number of citations from learned divines whose works are well known according to Mr. Birrell, and after alluding to many more, we almost feel at the end that the question remains unanswered. In *Christian Evidences* he treats mainly of the views of Paley, Sherlock and Newman. The first half of the volume, as is seen from the subjects, has a decided religious coloring which is even carried into the essay on *Froude*. We would rather have had Mr. Birrell's views on the more popular of Froude's works. *The Ideal University* is one which has money, good professors and lecturers, as well as students who go to hear them. His recipe for acquiring enthusiasm must appeal to all, the more so because of its timeliness.

The most interesting essays in the book are those on *Browning* and

Is it possible to tell a Good Book from a Bad One? This question he answers in the affirmative, provided one has "first" a strong understanding; second, knowledge, the result of study and comparison; third, a delicate sentiment."

While this volume forms interesting reading, it must be said frankly that, with the exception of the two essays last mentioned, it lacks that sustained vivacity of style and that magnetic spark which kindles our sense of appreciation, so characteristic of the delightful volumes of *Obile Dict.*

Calumet K. By Marion—Webster. MacMillan & Co. \$1.50.

The authors have given us a plain tale of plain people; and in telling it they have been true to their characters. The story is how a young man in the employment of a firm of contractors is told to build a great grain elevator against time. How he does it, fighting strikes and corporations, and how he wins a weeks vacation and a wife at the end of his task, will well repay your reading.

Light Freights—By W. W. Jacobus. Eodd Mead & Co. \$1.50.

"Light Freights," is the most amusing collection of short stories I have seen in some time. "Sam's Boy," is the cleverest story in the volume, and is a happy inspiration of the kind that does not come to an author every day. How a ragamuffin ties himself to a sailor by simply calling him "Father," and brings a whole crew to his feet by the same method is ludicrously funny. The rest of the collection, though not quite so amusing in their conception, are quite as interesting in their way.

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